EVERY WEEK SINCE 1865

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THE Nation

AUGUST 11, 1956
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SUEZ, CYPRUS, SINGAPORE

Diplomatic Cost of Military Bases

by W. Macmahon Ball

Aircraft Probe.. *Carey McWilliams*

Tennessee Spellbinder

Governor Clement Runs on Time

by Noel E. Parmentel, Jr.

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LETTERS

The Sovereign Power

Dear Sirs: The Congress now has certain rights delegated, but not alienated, by the sovereign power, which is you and me.

I now propose to withdraw some of those rights. I am fed up. The Congress has abused those powers to a point where the most saintly patience must be by now exhausted.

The Committees of Un-American Activities are hereby abolished. It is officially deemed that an American cannot be un-American and that thinking is not an activity.

Investigations by Congressmen into the ideas held by American citizens as to whether they are useful or useless, are hereby proscripted. This test is returned to the people.

The right of Congressional committee to constitute itself a court, of which an American citizen, a member of the sovereign power, can be legally held in contempt and so punished, is abolished as not so much an impudence as an insolence, an enormity and a sacrilege.

A new law is here proposed that from August 15 to November 15 in penance, Representatives and Senators go on hands and knees, having first declared themselves in contempt of the two highest courts in this land, the first being God, the second being the sovereign people.

It is so moved. Is it seconded? All those in favor.

New York DAVID CORT

Death Penalty

Dear Sirs: While debates about capital punishment seethe in the Houses of Parliament, and civilized journals like the *Nation* raise the question in the United States, the "backward" Republic of Mexico has abandoned this barbarism for many years. It might be interesting to examine the reason. Perhaps it is because the Mexican revolution had its roots in an agrarian anarchism, with its characteristic suspicion of the state. . . . Had the Soviet Union taken the world leadership in abolishing the death penalty—as indeed it should—its government today would have much less cause for embarrassment and limping apologies. Possibly the "cult of personality" campaign should be extended to damning the "cult of the state."

Mexico, D. D. JOHN BRIGHT

Critic's Responsibility

Dear Sirs: I take exception to Professor Willingham's review (June 16) of Holger Cahill's *The Shadow of My Hand,* included in his remarks about three other writers, Irwin Shaw, Joyce Cary and William Sansom. I respect the reviewer's right to say what he thinks and the obligation of the publisher to take what he says. But let us admit that the reviewer is also vulnerable; that his taste is not an absolute quantity. . . . The identification of Cahill with Shaw strikes me as rather absurd. The impulse to slough off Cahill as a regional writer is almost dishonest. The basic assumptions in Cahill's novel, the core of the work, are anything but regional. . . . Cahill's style is anathema to Willingham but it happens to suit the theme. The theme itself has more profundity than the reviewer has managed to grasp. In a case like this, it might be better for Professor Willingham simply to say, I don't like it, and then let his readers go along with him or not. Rationalizations of his prejudices are confusing. . . .

JOSEPHINE HERBST

Erwinna, Pa.

Dear Sirs: Although I have considerable respect for the work and views of Josephine Herbst, I must insist that much of what she says in her letter is merely querulous. . . . I was attempting to take a look at four recent works of fiction and to make some observations on the general state of American and British fiction as exhibited by those books, and to confine my remarks to about 800 words. In this situation, it would have been impossible for me to dwell upon the Cahill novel to the extent Miss Herbst seems to consider obligatory. . . .

For some more specific complaints by Miss Herbst, I do not find any particular "identification of Cahill with Shaw" in my review except the rather obvious assertions that both are American writers and that both are courting, albeit in different ways, the popular market. . . .

It is not particularly surprising that Miss Herbst should be disappointed at unflattering critical notices for Mr. Cahill's novel, since she had previously indicated more than a passing interest in the success of the enterprise by permitting a long, somewhat ecstatic open letter to the author to be reprinted on the cover of the advance booksellers' copies.

I cannot dodge the truth of her guess that the style of *The Shadow of My Hand* is anathema to me. I have always supposed that style ought to be a fairly accurate and appropriate mirror of content: both style and content in Mr. Cahill's novel are strained, self-conscious and sentimental. Both aspects of the book suggest to me a spurious native romanticism, a falsity not evident in the better work of truly significant American romantic writers like Sherwood Anderson, Waldo Frank, Hart Crane or even Thomas Wolfe. . . .

JOHN R. WILLINGHAM

Shreveport, La.

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The Shape of Things

Opportunity for the Democrats

The political fortunes of the Democratic Party have suddenly brightened. The surface reasons can be readily ticked off: spreading uneasiness about the President's health; a growing realization that Nixon's succession to the Presidency would place the right wing in control, not merely of the White House but of the Republican Party; the failure of the President to do more than reaffirm his statement that Nixon is acceptable; and Harold Stassen's bold maneuvers which have focused attention sharply on the President's physical condition by emphasizing the importance of the Vice Presidency. There are other factors, some of which are purely local; the Hodge scandal in Illinois is a case in point.

But the most significant development is Senator Kefauver's withdrawal in favor of Mr. Stevenson. The withdrawal undercuts the Harriman candidacy, gives the Democrats an opportunity to nominate their strongest ticket—Stevenson-Kefauver—and makes it possible for the liberal Democrats to minimize the influence of the Dixiecrats. Senator Kefauver has demonstrated his pulling power with labor, independent voters, farm groups and the Negro minority. His nomination would emphasize "the issue of Nixon" which is the Republicans' weakest point. And he is the logical choice. Both Senator Kennedy and Mayor Wagner are attractive political personalities, but if either were nominated it would be for a reason which has no relation to their merits as individuals. Senator Humphrey carries the same political markings as Mr. Stevenson; a Stevenson-Humphrey ticket would be like nominating identical twins. In addition to his other merits, Senator Kefauver would provide contrast—in personality, style and campaign technique. He may be plain and is often platitudinous but he has character and proven liberal political convictions.

If Senator Kefauver is not chosen, there is always the risk that the Democrats, yielding to the strong suicidal impulse that has characterized their behavior of recent years, just might nominate Governor Frank Clement (see page 113). Clement is about the closest approximation to Richard Nixon that the Democrats could select. Young, politically talented, a fine campaigner, completely opportunistic, he exudes the same young-man-on-the-make aroma that is always present when Mr. Nixon is about. It may seem incredible that the Democrats would slap at Senator Kefauver and the impressive number of delegates he has won in two pre-convention campaigns but the party's collective capacity for acts of folly must not be underestimated. Nomination of Clement would be "smart" politics; that is, the kind that appeals to silly minds. That it would make a mockery of the Vice Presidency and confront voters with the hideous dilemma of having to choose Clement or Nixon are factors that would not weigh heavily with those who operate at the level of the old folk-saying that "it takes a skunk to catch a skunk." The Chicago hotel lobbies will be overflowing with politicians of this stripe; hence the Clement hazard must be taken seriously. The way to head off Clement is to nominate Senator Kefauver.

Right on Schedule

The four-weeks-old steel strike was settled just in time, right on schedule. Had it lasted any longer, some of steel's prize customers would have been squeezed and a flourishing gray market might have developed. As it is, the loss of an estimated 8-million ingot-tons of production, coupled with an estimated 3-to-4 million tons withdrawn from inventories, will maintain a high level of profits, avoid the necessity of lay-offs and eliminate the gray marketeers. The steel company executives are jubilant, as well they might be. They now hold a three-year non-reopenable, no-strike contract with the union and Mr. Eugene G. Grace of Bethlehem Steel is quoted as saying that a "hellz-a-poppin'" demand will prevail for the rest of the year. Price increases are calculated to run $10 or $12 a ton. The price hikes will add substantially to the profits per ton and U. S. Steel has just announced record earnings for the first six months of the year.

The strike was settled just in time, also, to save the Administration any embarrassment on the eve of the conventions and in a manner that will improve its prospects for picking up some labor votes. Had it lasted much longer, the Administration might have been compelled to seek a Taft-Hartley injunction or appoint a special fact-finding panel and either action would have meant some inquiry into the extremely delicate subject

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of wage-price-profit ratios. The steel workers doubtless enjoyed their four-weeks' unpaid vacation but that, after all, was a small price to pay for bolstering up Mr. McDonald's reputation as a statesman of labor. Even industry should not complain. Big as the price increase will be, industry will pass it along, completely in the case of the big capital-goods users, partially by the smaller customers (see: The Great Pass-Along, July 28 p. 69), and the public, of course, will foot the bill.

By the way, the cost-of-living index soared to a record high of 116.2 in mid-June, up from 115.4 for mid-May.

Disarmament by Smoke Signals

How account for the paradox that this country is disarming but will not agree to disarm? Admiral Radford's proposal to cut the armed forces by a further 800,000 men comes in the wake of an actual reduction of 700,000. The number of divisions in Korea has been reduced from eight to two—a mere "plate-glass-window" deterrent—and, significantly, the Far East Command has been moved back from Tokyo to Hawaii. "What we are getting," *Business Week* notes, "is disarmament—to a degree—by unilateral action." Not quite. Russia has—or claims to have—demobilized a total of 1.8 million troops, and the British Cabinet is about to recommend to Parliament a sweeping 25 percent cut in military spending. What we are getting, therefore, is disarmament by tacit agreement, as by an exchange of Indian smoke signals. The process is odd—"there is no precedent for such weighty steps being taken by a great country so quietly," writes Joseph C. Harsch in the *Christian Science Monitor*—but the situation is clear enough. The Geneva "summit" conference may, as we were told, have accomplished nothing but, all the same, it changed everything.

Deep Silence

Recently Representative John B. Orr, Jr., of Dade County, a native Floridian, one-time law partner of former Senator Claude Pepper, told his colleagues in the Florida legislature why he was casting the only vote against a series of bills designed to maintain segregated schools under one subterfuge or another, including a scheme to segregate students by race in the guise of assigning them to schools on the basis of grades. As these all-too-brief quotes should demonstrate, Mr. Orr made the speech-of-the-year in Florida:

> I believe segregation is morally wrong. The existence of second-class citizens is repugnant to our great democratic principles. The fact that the custom is one of long standing makes it no less wrong. Surely not many of you would argue today that slavery was morally justifiable and yet this was a custom of long standing. . . .
>
> . . . . the most dangerous by-product of our activity in this special session . . . is the attitude of disrespect for our laws and the common decency that is developing. . . . You wouldn't cheat on an examination and you wouldn't condone cheating of graders. Yet the efficacy of the plan to maintain segregation depends on who grades the papers or who gives the tests. This is demonstrated by the colloquy that occurred during the committee hearing. One member expressed doubt that this plan would prevent integration because some colored children might be as bright as white children and might come from homes of comparable backgrounds. His doubt was dissipated when reminded by another—"Who will be giving the tests?"
>
> The development of this kind of attitude will surely weaken the moral fiber of our government and of our community life. For us to set an example of hypocrisy and deceit—of disrespect for our laws—will surely do more harm to our children than will result from their being seated in a classroom next to one whose skin is of a different hue.

The speech was received, reports the St. Petersburg *Times*, with "deep silence."

Marine Corps Quandary

The court martial of Sergeant McKeon illuminates the strange quandary that now confronts the marine corps' drill instructors. Training methods that have made the corps one of the world's finest fighting forces fail today to yield equally satisfactory results. The response of former marines who have flooded the defense with telegrams supporting these methods suggests that recruits who have trained in time of war are more inclined to accept the severe disciplinary training that is traditional with the corps than volunteers who train under conditions in which the threat of war seems remote. Former marines who have actually seen action are even grateful to the corps for the type of training they received; but to the new volunteers this same training makes little sense. McKeon's particular platoon was, by all accounts, badly disciplined. More revealing, however, is the circumstance that six members were in the "brig" during the court martial for having tried to go AWOL. These are the boys, as Robert S. Bird observes in the New York *Herald Tribune*, who "couldn't take it," that is, who couldn't take a rigorous training program in peacetime. It is apparent, too, that the quality of the volunteers declines as the prospects for peace improve. The 380 drill instructors at Parris Island have been having a difficult time, Mr. Bird notes, trying to mould into marines "a substantial percentage of new recruits of comparatively sub-standard mental and emotional capacities." But the basic trouble, in all probability, is not that the more recent volunteers are sub-standard, if indeed this is the case. Training methods adapted for use in time of war or threat of war are not likely to yield excellent results when the omens are pacific.

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SUEZ, CYPRUS, SINGAPORE

Diplomatic Cost of Bases . . by W. MACMAHON BALL

Melbourne

THE CURRENT furor over Suez raises again in sharpest focus the question: are overseas bases worth the trouble and expense of holding them? Many of them have become a rising source of financial and political expense to the two powers mainly concerned, America and Britain.

American bases have lately been the targets of political discontent from Iceland to Okinawa. The U.S. air base in Iceland is a key point in the NATO defense system; a launching place for medium bombers and an outer link in the radar network encircling North America. Yet this did not prevent the Icelanders, when they went to the polls in June, from returning a coalition government pledged to work for the removal of the American base. In Morocco the great bases of the Strategic Air Command are under no immediate threat, but now that Morocco is an independent state they are exposed to the turbulent wave of nationalist independence sweeping North Africa. In Saudi Arabia the air base at Dhahran has been the focus of increasing political friction. In Japan, every election since the restoration of "sovereignty" in 1952, including this July's election for the Upper House, seems to show that to agitate against American bases in Japan, and to demand "the return of Okinawa," is a good way to win votes.

But these American difficulties are as yet merely gentle warnings of what may come. For Britain the problems are already acute and tragic in Cyprus, acute if not yet tragic in Singapore and increasingly grave in Aden. It seems likely that the transfer of Ceylon bases to the control of the Ceylon government may take place smoothly, without political strain and without any serious strategic setback for Britain.

One big reason why Britain's problems are worse than America's is that in Cyprus, Aden and Singapore, Britain is resolved to retain not only her bases, but ultimate political control. Military issues are thus complicated and obscured by colonial issues. Cypriots were claiming the right to "self-determination" long before Britain's forced withdrawal from the Suez Canal zone made Cyprus her eastern Mediterranean base. The tide of Asian nationalism would have saturated Singapore even if there had been no British base there. Sovereign powers may sometimes feel it irksome and dangerous to have foreign allied bases on their soil, but colonial countries feel it is humiliating as well. Yet experience with Iceland and Ceylon suggests that, in territory over which you have no political control, the base may be at the mercy of another country's domestic politics.

THERE was a touch of brigandage in President Nasser's flamboyant repudiation of the Suez Canal agreement which the Egyptian government had only recently reaffirmed. But Egypt has not said or done anything to suggest that it will interfere with canal traffic or seek to extract exhorbitant fees for its use. It is therefore wicked and reckless to talk of using military force.

On the other hand, it is unreal to pretend that the canal is just Egypt's private property, and the strongest case should be made to persuade Nasser's government to accept some form of international control: the canal is nearly as important to the nations of South Asia as to those of Europe. This latest Suez crisis is just one more sign that exclusive Western control of the Middle East is outdated. The aim should be to induce Egypt to become a partner in an international control board with balanced representation from East and West.

When Britain built the line of bases encircling Asia's coast from Aden to Hong Kong, it had no need to worry about American support or Asian consent. Britain decided such things for itself. In those days it was easy to see the sense and purpose of the bases. They enabled Britain to deal with any local revolts, to protect its territories against jealous European rivals and to maintain sea communications in war.

What are their sense and purpose today? Everyone understands the purpose of the great American overseas bases; they are part of the strategy of a possible global war. But the British bases in South Asia are designed for more modest and restricted purposes.

Singapore is easily the most important. This can best be seen by comparing it with Ceylon. In Ceylon the indigenous labor force employed on the naval bases is less than 500; in Singapore it is more than 5,000. Yearly expenditure on Ceylon bases has been £400,000; on Singapore £3,000,000. The RAF has a staging post at Negombo in Ceylon, but the naval base there can manage only simple repairs. The Singapore naval base, in contrast, with its graving dock and four floating docks, can repair any British warship.

These facts help explain why Britain is much more reluctant to leave Singapore than Ceylon, but they hardly explain why it should be ready to face continued expense, and possibly grave political troubles, for a base in a region from which it has generally withdrawn with such wisdom and grace since 1945.

There are probably three main reasons why Britain is so resolute about this base. First, the English believe that their investment and commercial interests in Malaya and Borneo will not be greatly affected by the grant of self-government and they want to be able to protect them

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om possible threats. No other place nearly as good for a base as Singore. Labuan has been considered a possible alternative, but it gives entry to the mainland, and nationalist movements are likely to develop in North Borneo before long. Another possible alternative is Cockburn Sound, near Fremantle in Western Australia. But it is 2,500 miles from Southeast Asia, and Britain can hardly afford the elaborate fleet trains of the American navy. Second, the British government shares the view of the Australian government that Southeast Asia is the best place from which to defend Australia. The view is held very strongly here in Australia that if it is unhappily necessary to fight against aggression it is better for the fighting to be in someone else's country. This is an understandable view, but we can hardly expect Southeast Asians to feel enthusiastic about it.

"The Sun Never Sets . . ."

A. P. Newsfeatures

THIRD, British strategists seem to believe that the retention of Singapore as a base is probably essential if any future war in Southeast Asia is to be limited and localized. If, for example, China were to attempt a southward military thrust, the British aim would be to destroy or drive back the advancing forces, but not to knock out China. Yet if the West were to find itself without any footholds on the mainland, the temptation to turn to massive retaliation against the source of the aggression would be very strong. Thus, in the British view, the fact that Singapore could be so easily destroyed in a global nuclear war in no way reduces its potential importance in a war of restricted weapons and objectives, like those in Korea and Indo-China. This line of military thinking is strongly influenced by political considerations. "But it is essential to realize," argues the *Times*, London, "that there is a point of concession beyond which the British Government cannot go without abandoning Southeast Asia wholly, so that the Americans in effect would be left there alone, and our strategic approach to the Far East, if any, would be by way of the Far West."

These arguments are weighty. But the real problem is to find the right balance between military and political considerations. The breakdown of the Singapore talks in London shows that it is impossible to separate them. The British insisted that they must keep the reserve power to take steps necessary for internal order, if, in an emergency, the Singapore government was unable or unwilling to take such steps. There would be no point in maintaining bases if the local population could effectively sabotage their operation. And the time to intervene is before, not after, disorder becomes calamitous. This British reasoning is unanswerable from the military standpoint, but it fails to meet the political objection that it is inconsistent with full self-government for Singapore.

NO DOUBT Britain hopes David Marshall's resignation as Chief Minister of Singapore may in time pave the way for the emergence of a government there as cooperative as Abdul Rahman's government has been until now in the Malayan Federation. This is a highly optimistic view which ignores the deeper political trends in both Malaya and Singapore. It seems likely that the political future of both will be increasingly influenced by the Chinese-educated Chinese, as distinct from the minority of well-off English-educated Chinese who have been generally ready to cooperate with the British. The majority of politically conscious Chinese today have more sympathy with Communist China than with Britain. This sympathy with their homeland does not necessarily imply the support of communism, but the line between the two attitudes is sometimes wavering and indistinct. Britain is well aware of this and is anxious to make sure that Singapore, where more than four out of five people are Chinese, should not become a political outpost of Peking. Yet the political party with the brightest immediate future in Singapore is the People's Action Party, and its leader, Mr. Lee Kuan Yew, has come out strongly against the British base. In the Federation of Malaya the Chinese masses have not yet become politically organized and articulate. At the 1955 election only about half of the adult Chinese were eligible to vote; of those who were eligible only one in four registered, and of these only about half voted. But there are signs that the Chinese in Malaya,

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as distinct from Singapore, are quickly developing a political consciousness. It might therefore be a serious mistake to assume that Prince Abdul Rahman's government, which for the most part represents the old Malay ruling class, has an assured future.

Whatever the detailed developments in local politics in the immediate future, it seems reasonable to assume that as time goes on the presence of British bases in Singapore or Malaya will be increasingly resented. The real question is: if and when a local government with strong popular backing wants you to go, are you prepared to use force to stay?

The use of force will inevitably fan nationalist indignation and revolt. You will be compelled to impose more and more repressive measures. Your controls and penalties will become more and more indiscriminate. Confronted at first only with the hostility of the politically conscious minority, your measures will quickly provoke the hatred of more and more people, until you have only enemies in the area you control. If this occurs in the case of British bases it will certainly not increase British in relation to American influence in either the Middle East or Asia. It will work the other way, for it will mean that Britain alone will have to face the expense and odium of "colonialism."

Nor will the difficulties be confined to the areas in question. No colonial problem today is an isolated problem. The British discovered this even in Aden. Egypt gives unqualified support to Yemen and Saudi Arabia in their efforts to oust Britain from Aden and the Aden protectorates. To try to hold any base in North Africa, the Middle East or Asia today against the will of local nationalists tends to arouse the united opposition of the Asian-Arab bloc.

If the local nationalists deeply resent a foreign base they can nearly always paralyze its peace-time operations by strikes and sabotage, for the development of trade unionism in underdeveloped countries has radically altered the conditions in which labor can be employed and controlled. And if the base, like Singapore, is to be used in war for neighboring land operations, it will be difficult for these to succeed where the population is hostile.

If these considerations have weight, they tend to show how foolish it is to consider foreign military bases from a purely military standpoint. Or in other words, political attitudes may be the most important components of a military problem. It seems likely that Western military bases in Asia are relics of the period when the West controlled the East.

This does not mean that all foreign bases should be dismantled or transferred. It is proper for sovereign powers with a sense of continuing common interests to make voluntary arrangements for bases on one another's territories. The British government welcomes American bases in the British Isles, and America has agreed that the use of these bases in war must depend on the British government's consent.

It is worthwhile to explore the possibilities of similar arrangements for the use of bases in East Asia. The fundamental condition for the successful maintenance of bases in the region is that Asians should feel they exist to protect their interests and not only the interests of the West. And that means their interests as they see them, not as Westerners see them. The West can no longer defend Asia without the support or against the will of Asians.

TENNESSEE SPELLBINDER

Clement Runs on Time . . by NOEL E. PARMENTEL, JR.

Nashville, Tennessee

WHEN Frank Goad Clement was in the fourth grade his teacher asked him what he thought he'd be when he grew up. His unhesitating answer was, "Governor of Tennessee." Some twenty-two years later when Frank Clement, the brilliant young lawyer, was running successfully for that office he and his campaign manager half-jokingly set up this timetable for the young politician: "1952: elected Governor of Tennessee; 1954: reelected Governor of Tennessee; 1956: named Keynoter for Democratic National Convention and nominated for Vice Presidency; 1958: if not already serving as Vice President of United States, elected to United States Senate; 1960: nominated and elected President of the United States." The governor is right up to date with his schedule.

Frank Clement is one of the handsomest men in American politics. He is a trim, dark-haired six-footer with a boyish grin and a friendly and frankly persuasive smile. He is open, modest and confident. In the matter of attire he has escaped the Brooks Brothers look, which has recently made sneaking inroads into the South, without resorting to the almost foppish elegance of the plantation aristocrat. His clothes are plain, store-bought and no nonsense. Altogether, the type of rig a successful mountain man would wear on a visit to Nashville or Louisville. He is apt to wear tan shoes with a dark blue suit, an eccentricity which once raised the ire of Nashville *Banner* publisher James Stahlman. This product of the Athens of the South

NOEL E. PARMENTEL, JR., *an observer of the American political scene, is currently working on a book about the Long family in Louisiana politics.*

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snapped that any man got up so scandalously obviously could not be trusted.

Trusted or not, and tan shoes to the contrary, the *Banner* supported Clement in his two successful gubernatorial campaigns. Its hated rival, the Nashville *Tennessean* of the late Silliman Evans, had come out for Gordon Browning both times. While the *Banner* and the *Tennessean* are operated by the same corporation, the two papers heap daily abuse upon each other—a situation unique in American journalism.

Much has been made of the governor's use of prayer, hymn and pulpit in furthering his political aims. A friend of Clement's explains the role of religion in the governor's political personality this way. "Frank is . . . perfectly honest and sincere about bringing the Lord into a political speech. One time he was stumping the state and somebody tried to heckle him about mixing religion and politics. Frank answered that if a man's religion and his politics didn't mix, then it was time for him to change his politics."

Clement, it must be said, is one of the most accessible figures in American public life. His waiting room is invariably filled with suppliants and visitors from every walk of Tennessee life. Delta cotton planters in impeccable white linen literally rub shoulders with dirt farmers in patched overalls, coal operators with Negro farm hands, Memphis brokers, Knoxville businessmen and Nashville lawyers with workers from the mill towns. A visitor might come across Clement's good friend Dr. Billy Graham or Esther Williams, the aquatic film star. Sergeant Alvin York might be in town and stop in to say hello; Adlai Stevenson or Harry Truman might drop by. As each visitor is ushered in the governor comes forward with a firm handclasp or a courtly bow. "Call me Frank," he says. He is friendly, efficient, pleasant and helpful.

This dynamic and engaging young politician was born and grew up in the small town of Dickson in central Tennessee. The Clement clan has been prominent there for several generations as small-town lawyers and businessmen. Clement attended public school and was an average scholar. More important, perhaps, was the instruction he received from his Aunt Dockie, a delightful Eudora Welty type. Mrs. Dockie Shipp Weems ran the Shipp School for Expression and it was here that the embryo politico got a grounding in old-style Southern oratory. As a devout Methodist, Clement attended church services, Sunday School and Bible classes regularly, teaching the latter while still in his teens. He even gave some thought to entering the ministry. These youthful influences were later to stand him in good stead. Few can match his platform delivery or stump technique, and his knowledge of scripture is as thorough as any politician of consequence since Huey Long.

MATRONS of Dickson remember Clement, scarcely in his early teens, patting or kissing their babies and complimenting themselves upon their comeliness. Grownups of the neighboring town of Erin, the home of his sweetheart, Lucile "Cile" Christensen, recall a personable young man introducing himself as he and his girl walked along the tree-shaded streets. By the time he had finished high school Frank Clement was known and liked by most of the people around Dickson and Erin.

The following fall Clement entered college at Cumberland University where he spent two indifferent years before moving on to law school at Vanderbilt University. Once admitted to law school he and Cile were married, Mrs. Clement working as a receptionist at a Nashville radio station while the future governor devoured law books. After finishing two years of the three-year law course, he made arrangements to take the state bar examination. This was against the advice of his instructors at Vanderbilt who told him he would probably flunk. Instead, he received the highest grade of any of the candidates and began to practice while still a student.

In 1942, Clement became an FBI agent, assigned to the Chicago office. Since he was only twenty-two, the bureau had to waive the age requirement and Clement became the nation's youngest gumshoe. The following year he entered the army, went through Officers Candidate School and served an uneventful three years as a military-police officer. On being mustered out of the army he returned to Tennessee, set up shop as a lawyer and attached himself to the entourage of auctioneer Jim McCord who was conducting a successful campaign for the governorship. Through a mixture of push, drive, charm and ability Clement became one of McCord's most important campaigners. The grateful new governor gave the young lawyer the post of general counsel to the Tennessee State Railroad and Utilities Commission. This job was a windfall to a rising lawyer-politician in the land of TVA, where most voters are agin' the power company.

In his first year as attorney for the commission, Clement won an important rate case against the telephone company and saved the State of Tennessee several million dollars. The neighboring states of Georgia and Alabama, impressed by his ability in handling the Tennessee case, paid him substantial fees to represent them in similar rate cases, both of which he won.

CLEMENT had, meanwhile, caught the attention of a pair of shrewd political horse traders—Leslie Hart, political writer for the Nashville *Banner*, and G. E. Friar, brilliant Knoxville lawyer. With Clement ready and eager the strategists began to build a state organization for the new White Hope. Clement resigned from his job with the commission and began to devote his full time and efforts to his personal political career. He spoke at fairs, churches and social, fraternal and veterans gatherings all over the state. An inveterate joiner, he emerged as state commander of the American Legion, state chairman of the Young Democrats and state chairman of the March of Dimes. But primarily he spoke.

In a state that had been subjected to the lack-luster platitudes of Estes Kefauver, to the crotchety rantings of Kenneth McKellar and to the quiet logic of Albert Gore, Clement's old style, passionate "elocution" was just the stuff the people wanted to

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hear. A ringing Clement speech, delivered in tones alternately honeyed, beseeching and commanding, was like as not to raise the roof of a lodge hall. If, an hour or so later, no one could remember precisely what it was that Mr. Clement had said, it mattered not. Here was an orator.

FRIAR and Hart had meanwhile come up with the always essential financial angel in the person of Robert Crichton, millionaire coal and interstate truck operator. Crichton agreed to pick up the tab until Frank could be elected governor and guaranteed to raise a large campaign fund from among his friends in the trucking industry. In return, Mr. Crichton intimated, there would have to be "consideration." This stipulation rather surprised Mrs. Jeanne Bodfish, teacher of political science at Vanderbilt and a new recruit to the cause of Frank Clement and Good Government. Mrs. Bodfish seems to have been more than slightly out of place in the tough Tennessee political world of gawd and fraud, but for a long time she kept believing in Frank Clement. The latter's father and law partner, Robert Clement and political manipulator Buford Ellington, brought the "kitchen cabinet" to six.

Frank Clement announced that he would oppose Governor Browning in the Democratic primary. As campaigner he was everything his backers expected and more. A brilliant speaker with a fine record, a religious man with a photogenic family, a leading young lawyer, well-known and well-liked throughout the state at the age of thirty-two, Clement stumped the state singing hymns, saying prayers, counting the sins of the Browning administration and calling for Godliness and honesty in Tennessee. He was running, of course, as an independent and reformer but he also had some powerful political backing. The late E. H. Crump, the flamboyant and erudite boss of Memphis, backed Clement mainly because he heartily detested Governor Browning. Mr. Crump once observed, "There are thirty-seven different pictures of Judas Iscariot. No two look alike, but each one favors Gordon Browning." When the votes were counted Clement was victor by over 50,000. In the subsequent general election he defeated hillbilly singer Roy Acuff, no slouch himself at calling upon the Supreme Being.

Providence Sunday Journal

His first two-year term proved the most hectic and trying experience of the governor's young life. Internecine warfare had sprung up in the "team" as the campaign moved to its successful conclusion but for a while it appeared that everything could be made all right. Friar was appointed secretary of state and fully expected to succeed the governor when Frank went to Washington as vice president or senator. Crichton and his truckers received their "consideration" when the legislature passed and Clement signed legislation to increase load limits for trucks on the state's already wretched highways. This piece of political crudity raised howls of "payoff" from the newspapers and brought many a pensive furrow to the brow of Mrs. Bodfish, who had been named comptroller.

Then the elder Clement, tolerated by Friar and Crichton as a buffoon playing at Rasputin, began to get out of hand. He marched in and out of the legislature at will, buttonholed lawmakers and lobbyists and told them in no uncertain terms that he could secure action, favorable or unfavorable, on almost any given bill. As the activities of Clement, *père*, became daily more embarrassing, Crichton, who by that time (in spite of the trucking bill) found other reasons to become dissatisfied with the administration, went before the governor with specific and documented charges against his father.

Clement's reply seems to have been somewhat cynical for a Man of God. He told the angel that this was the first chance his father had ever had to make any real money and that he was not going to stand in his way. He also intimated that

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Crichton and the trucking interests were hardly the proper ones to cast the first stone. Crichton left the governor's office enraged and the breach was never healed.

Friar next took the initiative. Alarmed by Papa Clement's lack of subtlety and enraged by the fact that Buford Ellington had usurped his position as chief advisor to the young governor, the secretary of state brought in his bill of particulars and grievances. Moving to the attack, Clement suggested that Friar look to the mote in his own eye. It appears that Friar, as H. H. Martin related the story in the *Saturday Evening Post,* had been observed on the Capitol steps holding hands with his receptionist. Clement demanded that Friar fire this fetching employee. Friar, flabbergasted at finding himself on the defensive when he had come to accuse, stormed out of the office to create the second serious rift in the official family.

CLEMENT then ordered the increasingly dubious Mrs. Bodfish to fire the girl. Seeing his protegé in disgrace and Papa Clement still riding high, Friar broke irrevocably with the administration. After a few weeks of additional soul searching the confused Mrs. Bodfish informed the governor, who had announced that he would be a candidate for re-election, that she could no longer support him. In this Gilbert and Sullivan setting former Governor Browning, aching for revenge and vindication, threw his hat in the ring.

The campaign was a ripsnorter. In addition to Clement's erstwhile lieutenants, Mr. Crump's Shelby County machine had defected from the crusade. Senators Kefauver and Gore, seeing in Clement a threat to their respective seniorities in the World's Greatest Deliberative Body, gave tacit approval to the Browning cause. While Clement's former aides blasted the governor and his administration on radio and television, Browning took to the hustings with a hillbilly band. The governor was accused of hoochery and lechery. The *Tennessean* regularly strafed the administration from its editorial page. The elder Clement's activities became the main issue of the campaign. The band's most frequent tune was the currently popular "Oh, My Papa," and Browning shouted that "the shadow of Robert Clement hovers like a harpy over our state Capitol." The incumbent seemed to be in serious trouble.

The "Boy Governor," however, had resources of his own. He flatly denied any irregularities and claimed credit for getting rid of his former cronies because of their "evil influence." Airing the affair of Friar's lady friend, he had mournful things to say about weaknesses of the flesh. He replied to criticism of his father with the Fifth Commandment. He concluded his meetings and rallies with the well-loved hymn, "Precious Lord, Take My Hand and Lead Me On." Mrs. Clement, then expecting their third child, tacked up posters. He and his campaigners repeated nice things that Adlai Stevenson, Harry Truman and Sam Rayburn had said about him. He wooed the Delta by reminding them that Browning, as head of the Tennessee delegation at the 1952 Democratic convention, had voted against seating Virginia. In other sections, where there was heavy Negro enrollment, he reminded his listeners that he had dispersed a group of white supremacists who had marched upon the Capitol. When the final returns were in he had swamped Browning and a minor anti-integration candidate by several hundred thousand votes to emerge as the most powerful figure in modern Tennessee political history.

WHEN Democratic National Chairman Butler announced the selection of Clement as keynoter it was assumed that he was chosen as a compromise who would not offend any segment of the party. Two early contenders for the role, Senators Kerr of Oklahoma and Humphrey of Minnesota, had been ruled out, Kerr for his sponsorship of the natural-gas bill and Humphrey to avoid offending the powerful Southern wing of the party. Although the Tennessee governor is a warm supporter of Adlai Stevenson he is also well thought of by the other hopefuls with the possible exception of Senator Kefauver. He is easily the most effective platform speaker of those who were considered and his spellbinding brand of oratory is likely to rouse the delegates to fever pitch. There is an excellent chance that he may parlay his role as keynoter into the party's Vice Presidential nomination, as did the late Alben Barkley with his brilliant and fighting speech at the 1948 convention.

HE will have considerable opposition when he attempts to cop second spot on the ticket. Prominent among those mentioned has been the young, intelligent and attractive Senator John Kennedy of Massachusetts. Kennedy's vote against the Democratic farm bill will hurt him, however, as the farm belt is where the party hopes to pick up enough electoral votes to assure victory in November. Moreover, Senator Kennedy has written a book and been accused of being an intellectual. If Adlai Stevenson is renominated, as now seems almost certain, the presence of another "egghead" on the ticket would be superfluous and might antagonize voters of the Know-Nothing persuasion. Another name which continually pops up is New York's Mayor Robert F. Wagner, like Senator Kennedy a Roman Catholic. Although an excellent administrator, the mayor is a halting speaker and of doubtful effectiveness as a campaigner. He would certainly be a sitting duck for Vice President Nixon. Clement's main opposition and trouble will come from his own state's two Senators. Now that Senator Kefauver has withdrawn, he might accept second place on the ticket. Many prominent Democrats believe that a Stevenson-Kefauver ticket would be the strongest the party could field. Senator Albert Gore, one of the most respected men in Washington, also has strong support for the number-two job.

Clement, however, has important factors in his favor. The young, countrified yet eloquent governor would provide excellent balance to a ticket headed by the witty, urbane, highly serious Stevenson. He is a Southern moderate who will alienate neither the liberal nor the Southern

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with farm problems and his talents on the stump make him perhaps the Democrats' best-equipped campaigner for the farm belt. His leadership of the fight against Dixon-Yates and his experience with TVA (Clement was chosen to answer the President's charge that TVA was "creeping socialism") place him in the forefront of those who speak for public power. Finally, his youth, his looks, his family, his personality, his homey Christian devotion and his fiery eloquence make him just the man to cross epithets with Mr. Nixon.

So here is Frank Clement's big chance to shine. If he comes through with enough oratorical fireworks (Alabama's Governor Big Jim Folsom described Clement's style of speaking as "cuttin', guttin' and struttin' ") he might nab a place on the ticket. Failing this, or being defeated in the national election, he will still have put himself before the country in a favorable light. If he follows his fantastic timetable he can conceivably unhorse Senator Gore when the latter comes up for renomination and election in 1958. And in 1960 who knows?

Fortune has a way of smiling on Frank Clement. He spoke recently at the National Plowing Matches at Olney, Illinois, a section hard hit by drought. In the audience were 35,000 farmers and their families from Illinois and neighboring states. The governor opened his speech with a prayer for rain. Five minutes later Clement and his audience were deluged by a cloudburst. If this sort of timing keeps up the world is his oyster.

One-Customer Industry . . by CAREY McWILLIAMS

THE YEAR-LONG costly probe to determine if the aircraft industry has reaped excessive profits on government contracts has now come to a close and the House Armed Services subcommittee, chaired by Representative F. Edward Hebert, has issued a final report. The committee's major findings—that profits have not been excessive and that the companies' records are in "much better shape than the government's" —have been greeted with robust enthusiasm by an uncritical press. In the view of the Wall Street *Journal,* the report "contains a pretty clear comparison between the way private industry and the way a bureaucracy handles the same affairs" and provides "a pretty conclusive answer" in favor of private industry.

The aircraft industry may be efficiently managed but it is about as "private" as the U. S. Mint. The government is virtually the sole customer for the twelve aircraft companies included in the study. "The evidence," to quote the chairman, "shows that this industry exists solely and only by Government contracts and that without Government contracts, it faltered and failed and that subsequently the entire income of the industry is from the taxpayers of the United States." In the possession of the twelve companies is government-owned plant-and-equipment of an aggregate value of $895 million which is used rent free to fulfill government contracts. By comparison, plant-and-equipment owned by the companies is valued at only $200 million. The industry, morover, is almost entirely financed by progress payments advanced by the government on contracts for aircraft.

THE industry insists that conventional methods for measuring profits are inapplicable to it. It argues that an average profit on sales after taxes of 2.3 per cent is modest enough; a mere "management fee." But the average industry profit, measured as a percentage of net worth, is 14.5 per cent. The profit net-worth ratio is so high, of course, because the companies are earning their money with capital tools owned by the public. Arguing against net worth as a basis for measuring profits, industry spokesmen advance the heretical notion that "undue stress on net worth over-values the capital in capitalism."

In their view, the essence of capitalism is not private capital but private management skills. But these same companies will no doubt insist that profits be measured in terms of net worth once they have plowed back enough profits to build up sizable net-worth accounts. And since most of them have been reinvesting 60 to 70 per cent of earnings, the net-worth figures are rapidly increasing. McDonnell Aircraft, for example, jumped its net worth from $150,000 to $25,000,000 in ten years by simply plowing back profits from government contracts.

The committee defends the continued rent-free use of a billion dollars' worth of government plant-and-equipment on the assumption that there is "not enough commercial business in this country nor in the world to justify the utilization of all the facilities now in being . . . the moment military orders are either withdrawn or curtailed, the industry is in the doldrums." In other words, private investors would be unwilling to invest in a "feast-or-famine" war industry on a scale that would bring into being the large facilities which the air force needs; the "risk" of curtailment would be too great. But just why *should* the new-style industrialists who manage these aircraft companies seek private capital when the government is willing to give them facilities and finance their operations without charging either rent or interest?

On other counts, too, the "risk" argument is hard to follow. There is scarcely one of the twelve companies that did not begin to receive government contracts almost from the moment it was formed. True, the industry faltered in the immediate post-war period but it rallied quickly enough with the creation of the air force as a separate service in 1947 and began to boom with the Korean war. Risk-taking is the prime justifi-

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cation for profits in a private-enterprise system. But what "risks" are taken by companies which hold a government order for every production schedule? There is, of course, the risk of cancelation. But Representative Porter Hardy, Jr., observed at the hearings that he had never known a company to suffer actual losses as a result of cancelations. The main risk would seem to lie in the possibility of disarmament. And how seriously is this risk to be taken when one of the bolder spokesmen for the industry, Mr. John Jay Hopkins of General Dynamics, confidently assured the committee that defense is "a permanent business—a permanent way of life?" (Hearings p. 2574). As a matter of fact the committee itself concludes—and this is the nub of the report—that the aircraft industry is "a weapon of defense. Its value lies in the fact that 'in being' it is a defense potential. It is part of the price that we pay for security, while not upsetting the economic system to which we are committed."

Even so, the price may be much higher than it need be. At the foot of this column are the salient figures for North American Aviation; the trend for the other companies was much the same.

The percentages are figured against an annually rising net worth, based on reinvested profits. But even as a percentage of sales, the profits are not unimpressive. On typical contracts, the companies showed profits before taxes amounting to about 8 per cent of their costs, including certain costs designated merely as "other costs of doing business." Again, some of the work was subcontracted, and it must be assumed that the subcontractors took a corresponding profit. The key to the industry's profit rates is that the government supplies most of the capital. In the case of North American the government property used rent free had an assigned value of $95 million, which included one government plant to which no value was assigned. Similarly, a substantial part of working capital is provided by government progress payments. Thus, North American's books showed that about two-thirds of its inventory of over $300 million was covered by such progress payments.

Nor is it at all clear what the companies include in overhead. In any number of sample cases cited, overhead charges far exceeded labor charges, even after models had been more or less stabilized. High overhead costs indicate that the twelve companies have acquired an enormously valuable store of techniques, methods, operating skills and the like. Government contracts have enabled them to recruit and train a highly skilled work force, build admirable production organizations and solve many production and engineering problems—all at the taxpayer's expense. This experience can be turned to profitable account now that the commercial side of the industry is beginning to expand. Profits on commercial contracts are estimated at three times the rate on military contracts (Hearings p. 2222).

GOVERNMENT-OWNED and company-owned facilities are so thoroughly "scrambled" that the former have been used to fulfill strictly commercial orders with only "nominal" rent being credited to the government's account. The committee concedes that it might be well to sell these "scrambled" facilities to the companies but, in general, it is satisfied for the rent-free arrangement to continue.

Now that the commercial side of the industry is beginning to pick up, it is not surprising to learn that the companies eventually expect to purchase the government-owned plant and equipment which they have been "borrowing" for a decade. But not before the surplus-property disposal laws have been modified so as to give them a clear preference in the bidding.

Although praising the industry as a national asset, the chairman was troubled by certain recurrent, nagging questions. Devoted to free private enterprise and the profit system, Mr. Hebert found it extremely difficult to fit this new social hybrid, the aircraft industry, into the older ideological pattern. The following is a paraphrase of a fascinating colloquy between the chairman and Robert Charles, vice president of McDonnell Aircraft (Hearings pp. 2131-2148):

Hebert: If you were to buy these assets, you would then increase the price of aircraft to the government. So the government would merely be moving money from one pocket to another . . . So the government might just as well give you the assets now and have done with it. But then wouldn't it be just as logical for the government to finance manufacturers of automobiles and TV sets?

Charles: What's the difference? Ultimately the consumer provides the capital that builds automobiles and TV factories. It doesn't make any difference that, in this case, the government is the sole customer or that the business is national defense.

Hebert: But it does. This is a peculiar industry—a security device. The government is not a trader; it does not buy aircraft to resell at a profit.

And so it went. The confusion, of course, arises from the fact that the aircraft industry is a transitional form in the evolution of a system of state capitalism in which the government assumes the risk, finances the venture, provides a measure of fiscal control but takes none of the bels—and even bookkeeping con- profit. Free-enterprise tags and la-

PROFITS OF NORTH AMERICAN AVIATION COMPANY

Year	Millions		Per Cent of average net worth	
	before tax	after tax	before tax	after tax
1951	$15.2	$ 6.4	28.8%	12.1%
1952	20.3	7.8	36.5	14.0
1953	40.1	12.7	65.5	20.8
1954	52.5	22.2	73.5	31.1
1955	67.9	32.3	83.0	39.5

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cepts—have little relevance to such an industry.

Mr. Hebert was also troubled by the fact that the high salaries paid the various retired admirals, generals and other officers on the payrolls of these companies should be included in the cost of the aircraft. This was like asking the government to double their retirement pay. Government and private personnel are almost as badly "scrambled" in the aircraft industry as public and private property. Boeing and Convair, by a strange coincidence, both have sixty-seven retired officers on their payrolls. Glenn L. Martin has fourteen. Fairchild Engine's payroll includes such distinguished names as General Jacob Devers, Admiral John F. Towers, General Robert L. Walsh and Admiral Robert Carney (as a director). Asked what these men did, a company official said: "It is very difficult for me to sit here and say what they have contributed," which prompted the chairman to ask: "Didn't they contribute a good speaking acquaintance with a lot of people in the Defense Department?" Much was made of the case of General Joseph McNarney, handsomely set up by Senator Symington via Floyd Odlum with a princely sinecure at Convair: annual salary of $75,000 plus a $25,000 annual bonus and, in addition, a ten-year's consultant's contract at $30,000 per year after the executive contract expires. The committee found that the presence in company offices of these retired military officers, fresh from the "opposite side of the desk," created "a doubtful atmosphere" but was nevertheless permissible. It was also concerned to note that excessive executive salaries and fancy incentive payments were often included in overhead costs. Of graver concern was the fact that air force procurement officers do not receive comparable salaries; the committee seemed to feel that men who match wits should receive about the same pay.

BUT one key aspect of the "peculiar" relationship between the aircraft industry and the government completely escaped the committee's attention. According to Edwin Lahey, well-known Washington correspondent, "the Air Force . . . has a lobby stronger than pig iron. The jaunty generals from the wild blue yonder have more senators and congressmen in their pockets than the Anti-Saloon League ever had at the peak of its power." The reason is clear. Appropriations granted the air force necessarily benefit the aircraft industry; it is, in effect, the industry's lobby.

It is the existence of this lobby, the most powerful but least advertised in Washington, that raises a question more serious than whether the industry's profits are excessive. For it may be that we are spending more for this type of defense than a realistic, disinterested appraisal of the risks would indicate. One of the problems presented by industries that are publicly financed but privately managed is that the private managers and the public officials tend to confuse their respective functions and responsibilities or, worse, to assume that they are identical. As things stand, the air force must be concerned with the welfare of the aircraft industry just as the aircraft industry must look after the needs of an expanding air force and its personnel. Similar relationships prevail in other aspects of defense but not to the same degree. For at the present time the air force is the only important customer of the aircraft industry.

HEIRS TO THE DESPOT

Russia Revisited: IV . . by FREDERICK L. SCHUMAN

Concluding article of a series on the New Russia by the noted political scientist.

Moscow

A MINER'S son, born in a mining camp near Kursk on April 17, 1894, grew up to become a miner. He joined the Communist Party in 1918. He fought in the civil war. He studied a decade later at the Moscow Industrial Academy. He helped Kaganovich plan and supervise the building of the Moscow subway. As party leader in Moscow and Kiev, he organized Ukrainian partisans against the *Wehrmacht*. In 1943 he was named a Lieutenant-General and awarded the Order of Suvorov. On his fiftieth birthday, he was Premier of the Ukraine and recipient of the Order of Lenin. So, through the years of the Stalin era, Nikita Sergeyevich Khrushchev rose from poverty to power.

On February 24-25, 1956, at the Twentieth Party Congress, he delivered his denunciation of Stalin. As is well known, the essence of the indictment was that Stalin was un-Marxist and un-Leninist in fostering a "cult of the individual." Stalin, moreover, was rude, crude, capricious, abusive, vicious and paranoid. He used deception, terror, torture and death not only against "class enemies" (a procedure always legitimate in Communist eyes) but against erring or suspected individuals within the party.

The time is not ripe for a definitive re-assessment of the Georgian cobbler's son who became despot over Russia. The new "collective leadership" depicts his crimes as aberrations flowing from defects of character. Western commentators see them as implicit in Soviet totalitarian

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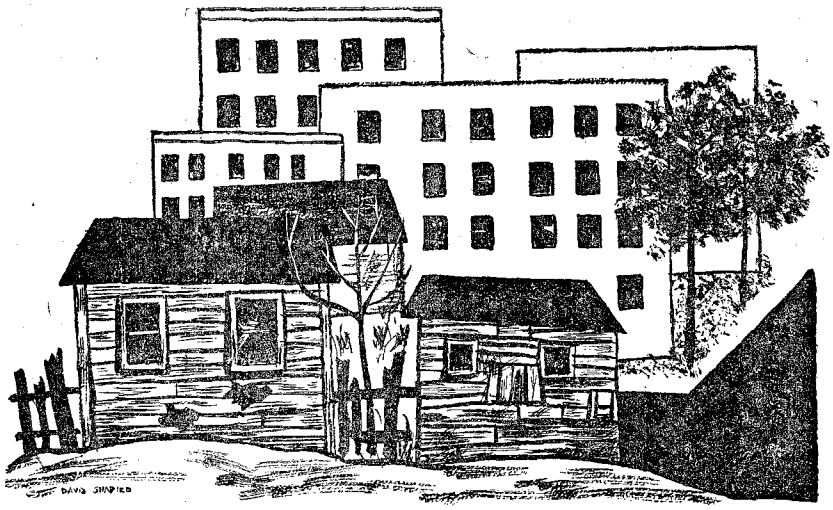

socialism. Both views, I suspect, may ultimately be judged inadequate or irrelevant. Stalin was of a piece with Peter the Great, who also slaughtered his foes, and with Ivan the Terrible who tortured and killed with furious energy. Repin's noted painting in the Tretyakov Gallery depicts Ivan remorsefully clutching the bleeding body of his dying son whom he murdered in a fit of rage. Stalin, apparently, was without remorse save, perhaps, for his second wife, Alliluyeva, whom he either killed or drove to suicide. But rage or remorse are beside the point.

Ivan Grozny, Peter I and Josef Djugashvili were all "statesmen," fanatical in purpose and monstrous in method, grimly grappling with the problem of how to "modernize" a backward Muscovy overtaken by the West in science, technology, industry and the arts of war. The dark masses clung to their ancient ways of slovenliness and incompetence. Blind bureaucrats, dull-witted aristocrats and even xenophobic intellectuals fought all change as treason to the "Holy Russia" of ignorance and superstition. Tyrants who knew that "Westernization" was the price of life were themselves the children of darkness. They could find no better way to achieve their goal than to beat or behead all who opposed their aims.

RUSSIA'S new devil of the twentieth century set himself the task of industrializing, urbanizing and educating an illiterate peasant society, always benighted and now afflicted with a legacy of chaos inherited from social revolution and civil and foreign war. Collectivization of agriculture in the 1930's was the precondition of industrialization. Defeat of the fascist invaders in the 1940's was the prerequisite of national survival. Stalin triumphantly accomplished these purposes, all at frightful cost and by devices most hideous. Having tasted victory, he readily persuaded himself, "dizzy with success," that all criticism was treason and that more terror was the way to more progress.

This process constitutes a judgment, most lamentable, on the Russian community itself. Those incapable of self-government, if they would avoid anarchy, must submit to an autocrat. Earlier parallels come to mind: Cromwell in England, Robespierre and Bonaparte in France, Bismarck in Germany, even Lincoln in America. But Russia's age-old primitiveness, in part attributable to long subjection and isolation under the Mongol yoke (1240-1480), was without parallel among Western nations. By the same token the methods deemed necessary for overcoming it were unparalleled in ruthless ferocity. Whether every people receives the government it deserves is debatable. Whether Russia could have been "modernized" by gentle persuasion, rather than by the brutalities of an atrocious tyranny, is equally debatable.

The crucial question for the present and future is that of the scope and permanence of the transformation. In *Russia: What Next?* (1953), Isaac Deutscher argued shrewdly that Stalinism, as a program for modernizing Russia by the weapons of Asiatic-Byzantine-Barbaric despotism, had fulfilled its historic function and was a non-repetitive and self-liquidating phenomenon. Its survival into the 1950's may well be deemed, in Marxist jargon, another instance of disharmony between "base" and "superstructure." By fear and force dark Muscovy was beaten into modernity—on a "Socialist" rather than a "capitalist" pattern. The ideological and institutional differences between the patterns may prove momentous for generations to come, although I would guess that the differences will be progressively reduced, not enhanced. For today's parents and tomorrow's children, the major metamorphosis is from the ignorant, uncouth, filthy, agrarian Russia of the NEP to the educated, cultured, clean, urban Russia now carrying out the Sixth Five Year Plan.

YEARS of research in Soviet documents may leave some Western scholars dubious as to the reality of the change. A few weeks of travel in the USSR will remove all doubt. These vast new cities are not "Potemkin villages." These innumerable schools, libraries, institutes and universities are no more a mirage than the gigantic publishing industry, the profusion of new factories, mills and mines, the thousands of flourishing collective farms. All these changes, moreover, are irreversible. No return to illiteracy is conceivable. Seven grades of the ten-year schools are now attended by all girls and boys. By 1960 all ten grades will be available to all. No reversion to small-scale or "free-enterprise" industry is imaginable. No restoration of private farming is possible. A giant industrial civilization is here to stay. Its major beneficiaries—i.e., the members of the multitudinous new "middle class"—are irrevocably committed to material progress, to the defense of their privileges and to a constant enlargement of their opportunities for a better life.

Such a society cannot be ruled by the methods of Stalinism. The transition to an alternative requires

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Stalin's deportation from Olympus. The shape of the alternative is not yet clear. Not easily nor early is it likely to resemble Western democracy. "Collective leadership" is a slogan which offers few answers to concrete questions of policy making. "Socialist legality" and "government by law" are replacing the arbitrariness of the police state.

But no effective "democratization" of the party, to say nothing of the government, is yet in evidence. Suspicion and secrecy still persist. No foreigner, including diplomats, can secure any inkling of the organization of the foreign ministry or of the recruitment and training of the foreign service. The oligarchs continue to mouth fanatic phrases of inflexible dogmatism. They still insult the intelligence of the masses by persisting in the absurd formula that a man condemned as a traitor must, inexorably, have been a traitor all his life. Thus Beria, shot in 1953, was, of course, a secret enemy agent in 1918. Even the "downgrading" of Stalin is conducted by Stalinist methods which presuppose that Soviet citizens are naive children.

YET the "thaw" has come and the floodgates are half-open. What will emerge is unlikely to bear any resemblance to the Marxist vision of the "classless society" and the "withering away of the state" or to Western conceptions of rule by the people. Yet the new Soviet polity, thanks to the transformation of Soviet society, is altogether likely to cherish civil rights, human dignity and personal freedom beyond the wildest pretenses of the 1930's.

In their orientation toward the "bourgeois" world, Russia's new rulers must repeat endlessly, since faith is all-important when rule by fear is abandoned, that "capitalism" is doomed and that the universal triumph of communism is "inevitable." Those Westerners who therefore conclude that "nothing has changed" are wrong. Much has changed. Messianic visions and millenarian aspirations are still the necessary stock-in-trade of Communist agitators and publicists. But the content is gone. The oligarchs know that capitalism will not "collapse" a week from Wednesday, as Marx once believed, or the year after next, as Lenin preached. A war of creeds, with the warriors flourishing Jetplanes and H-bombs, would be equally lethal to all participants.

"Peaceful co-existence" is consequently synonymous with survival. To interpret the phrase, as some of our own "holy warriors" are wont to do, as a diabolical Communist device to subjugate the globe by trickery rather than by violence is to attribute to the Soviet rulers superhuman powers they do not possess, to confess loss of faith in the democratic way of life and to forget that all politics is the art of the possible. Atomic fission and fusion make peace necessary. The global stalemate makes peace inevitable. That which is both necessary and inevitable is at once imperative and attainable.

The competition between creeds which will characterize the years before us will, I feel certain, be reciprocally stimulating and creative—if America will follow the lead of most of the rest of the "Free World" in resolving to make it so instead of clinging to outmoded formulas of "containment," "massive retaliation" and "collective security" via alliances, embargoes and subversive propaganda. Soviet civilization is too flourishing and formidable to be disrupted by intrigue from abroad or damaged by foreign agitation or weakened by boycotts.

It has many *versts* to traverse before it attains American standards of living. Its new leaders, even as they parrot the semantic stereotypes of Marxism-Leninism, understand that the pursuit of this goal requires a new outlook and new methods. They know that the survival and growth of Soviet society no longer depend, as once seemed to be the case, on the debacle of capitalism. Having abandoned an obsolete Stalinism, they have renounced efforts to perpetuate it through an isolationist "Iron Curtain." Their new diplomacy, now directed by an adaptable young publicist and no longer by a veteran party bureaucrat, is paralleled by vigorous attempts to maximize travel, trade and cultural contacts. Thousands of foreign visitors are roaming Soviet-land with minimal restrictions on freedom of movement, picture-taking and access to common people. Thousands of Soviet citizens are already traveling abroad—as of now in groups or "delegations," and by next year, almost certainly, as individuals if they so desire and have the means. These processes, too, are irreversible.

UNDER these circumstances, cynicism is as unwarranted as euphoria. What is sure is that East and West will be more and more mixed up together, teaching and learning to the advantage of both across frontiers which are highways rather than barriers. High politics will become a rivalry for the respect of the uncommitted half of the human race. Which system can contribute most to the emancipation of the world's slumlands from poverty and ignorance? Here the West will be forced to look to its laurels. Human contacts will enrich life in both segments of a still divided world and promote an ultimate assimilation of ends and means in the search for the good society. Skeptics will scoff. Their ranks will include the fanatics of communism and of anti-communism. But fanaticism, too, is obsolete and will mellow into moderation. The processes of change, visibly and palpably at work in the USSR of 1956, promise good for all mankind.

Focus

The center of the universe
Is not our neighbor Sun, of course.

The sun is only a small display
Off on the edge of the Milky Way.

To find the center you have to ride
Way up into that milky cloud

That staggers around in erratic courses
(Like all the other universes)

And breaks off into splits and splinters.
Oh it's not easy to look for centers

While making the rounds on a distant star,
Wondering where in heaven you are,

Dashing about in elliptical rings,
Looking around for the middle of things.

WALKER GIBSON

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BOOKS and the ARTS

Conscience and a Puzzle in Proof

WAS JUSTICE DONE? The Rosenberg-Sobell Case. By Malcolm P. Sharp. Monthly Review Press. $3.50.

By David L. Weissman

IN HIS dissent from the 6 to 3 decision of the Supreme Court which finally cleared the way for the execution of the Rosenbergs on Friday, June 19, 1953, Mr. Justice Black wrote: "It is not amiss to point out that this court has never reviewed this record and has never affirmed the fairness of the trial below. Without an affirmance of the fairness of the trial by the highest court of the land there may always be questions as to whether the executions were legally and rightfully carried out." The passage of the intervening years has not stilled the questions. On the contrary, with the return of a calmer, more rational atmosphere, the questions become more insistent.

This book, by a trained lawyer and professor of the Law School of the University of Chicago, presents the most cogent argument that has yet appeared for the view that the Rosenbergs were innocent of the crime charged. The analysis of the testimony and its setting is scrupulous and fair. Professor Sharp eschews what he calls the "defects of enthusiasm." He does not fail to take account of the weaknesses as well as of the strong points of the case, and he neither blinks at nor exaggerates anything. Though it is obvious that his feelings are deeply engaged, the reader will have no doubt that they derive primarily from his concern for the integrity of justice in our country.

The author was not always of the opinion that the Rosenbergs were innocent of the crime charged. He came to it, as he says, "with some regret, in May and June of 1953." In a preliminary chapter he traces the evolution of his attitude: from acceptance of the jury's verdict, with reservations about the sentences, to doubt; from doubt to certainty that, in view of the newly-discovered evidence, a new trial was warranted and participation as one of counsel in the effort to obtain it; and ultimately to the belief of total innocence. What moved him, apart from the growing fear of serious injustice in a case of great public concern, he says, "was a sense of the relationship of the case to public policy, both domestic and foreign. A calm estimate of spy scares seems to me part of a calm estimate of foreign quarrels, the resolution of which might help to preserve our liberties, promote prosperity, save taxes and keep the peace." He therefore sees the case "as a human occurrence, as a social phenomenon and as a puzzle in proof." The bulk of the book is devoted to solving the puzzle, but the author does not neglect the individual or community tragedies that throb in the background. The book is not pleasant reading, but Professor Sharp's clarity and honesty of treatment make the reading easy and absorbing. And his courage and determination to vindicate our intelligence and humanity is a bracing experience.

IS THE book convincing? Most readers, concerned no more with embarrassing or injuring our courts or our country than with exploiting the case for their own aggrandizement or the purposes of the cold war, will come to share Professor Sharp's dissatisfaction with some aspects of the conduct of the case; the severity of the sentences, especially as compared with that of Greenglass and the total immunity of his wife and Elitcher, Sobell's chief accuser; the speed with which the motion for a new trial was disposed of (one week from District Court to Court of Appeals to Supreme Court); and, aside from the serious doubt as to its power to do so, the precipitateness with which the Court acted to vacate the stay of execution granted by Mr. Justice Douglas.

THE Atomic Energy Act raised the grave question of whether the death sentence was properly imposed on the Rosenbergs. "Neither counsel nor the Court," wrote Mr. Justice Frankfurter in his dissent from the Court's action, "in the time available, were able to go below the surface of the question. . . . More time was needed than was had for adequate consideration. . . . We have not had the basis for reaching conclusions and for supporting them in opinions. Can it be said there was time to go through the process by which cases are customarily decided here?" No one who sees the case, as did Mr. Justice Frankfurter, as "an incident in the long and unending effort to develop and enforce justice according to law" can therefore ever feel satisfied with the Court's decision. In the circumstances Mr .Justice Douglas' protest ("I know deep in my heart that I am right on the law") will long continue to trouble the American conscience.

That many readers are likely to be carried to Professor Sharp's conclusion that the Rosenbergs were wholly innocent is a different point. Professor Sharp rejects the view of some commentators that the spy scares were nothing but a hoax, and accepts the position of the defense from the beginning that, while there was some espionage in the Fuchs-Gold-Greenglass circles, the Rosenbergs were not involved in it. He marshals forceful arguments in support of this position, though he concedes that its validity for him "rests

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party on personal association with people who knew the Rosenbergs and worked on the case." The Greenglasses, without whose testimony the Rosenbergs could concededly not have been convicted, he argues, were untrustworthy and parts of their testimony were demonstrably untrue, if not fantastic; they had powerful motives for shifting the principal blame from themselves and implicating others; and, having participated in a complex of espionage, it was not too difficult for them to bring someone into the story, by inventing a part for him or substituting him in a part actually played by someone else (like the Russian Yakovlev or perhaps an unnamed subordinate of his).

Professor Sharp does not ignore the challenge that the addition or substitution of one's own sister and her husband would be an almost unnatural act. He suggests a number of reasons why Greenglass might have so acted: the conflict between Greenglass and Julius Rosenberg over business matters; the possibility that Greenglass was driven by resentment of his sister's influence over him; the feeling he might have had that it was the Rosenbergs' interest in and sympathy for the Russian regime that had in some measure influenced him to become a spy; his great perplexity and overpowering desire to spare his wife; and the insecurity of his whole person which led his wife to say of him that, knowing him since she was ten years old, she was aware that "he would say things were so even if they were not." No one can say that these considerations might not have induced Greenglass to seek refuge in incriminating his innocent sister and brother-in-law. But, aside from any other contrary indications, there are two papers in the record which cast doubt upon the motivations Professor Sharp stresses as being the only ones which moved Greenglass to involve the Rosenbergs.

GREENGLASS was taken into custody on Thursday afternoon, June 15, 1950. On Friday morning, June 16, he had his first interview with his attorney (Mr. Fabricant of Mr. O. John Rogge's office) and the attorney on the same morning made an office memorandum of what Greenglass had told him. The memorandum shows that Greenglass told Mr. Fabricant that he had told the FBI about his meeting with Gold and his receipt of $500 from Gold, and adds: "He told me that he had made a number of confusing statements purposely in order to confound the FBI and to draw attention from his wife who is in the hospital. . . . He told me further that Julius Rosenberg is apparently very close to this whole situation. Julius Rosenberg had once introduced him to a man in a car somewhere in New York who apparently made this request. He does not know if the man was a Russian and told the FBI that he didn't know."

The following day, Saturday, June

The Tourists in Spain

Dizzy and light with hunger, we come
To greet the strangers by the side
Of the road which like a driver's whip
Dances down to us from Madrid and the North,
And drops biting the sea.

By what miracle do they come,
Shaking loose the light from their hair
And bringing sacks of corn and pearl
Out of the dripping Indies? Their bus
Gleams on the whip's black belly.

They arrive, they emerge, they walk among us
Tall as trees, pouring their buckets of shade
On our heads; they nod, and whisper
In the deep hollows of their mouths
Where spreading branches make their vault.

Such shoes they wear, heavy as saddles!
Such clothes, thick as cork between the fingers.
How must the wood be moist and warm within,
And their leaves turn ever to the sun!
The ladies' hats are pacing in the grass.

One bears an acre of grapes, they sprout
From the thousand vines of her veil.
The tendrils knot her ears and nose,
The small leaves flicker from her eyes.
O the many grapes rotting on her head!

The wind threshes the hats' straw, the wheat streams
Through town, a horse heavy as sand
Under each foot. It tramples ovens,
O wheat that walks my field in dunes!
Before me sails a hat, white and round

As the loaves of Tarragon. Three feathers
Say from its crown, "Eat me, I am the bird
You ate last Spring." I run and take her hand.
We are two eagles rising from a feast
On the king's white flocks, mounting slowly till

We scent the wood-sweetened wind that blows
Off the mountains. I am an eagle of the Pyrenees.
I am ravenous, my beak curves, my claws
Flex. I fly down the wind straight to Madrid,
Straight to the Driver, screaming terrible cries,

Straight to his heart which I eat. The whip-hand
Goes slack, the whip runs off among hills.
I take him in my claws and beyond the land,
Beyond Cadiz and the Azores, and far over
The sea I fly feeding as I go.

IRVING FELDMAN

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17, Greenglass wrote out a statement for his lawyers of what he told the FBI, apparently after as well as before his first interview with Mr. Fabricant. For present purposes only the following need be quoted from the statement: "I told them that on a visit to me in Nov. 1944 my wife asked me if I would give information. I made sure to tell the F.B.I. that she was transmitting this info from my brother-in-law Julius and was not her own idea. She was doing this because she felt I would be angry if she didn't ask me. I then mentioned a meeting with a man who I don't know, arranged by Julius." Professor Sharp accepts the genuineness of these papers and the attorneys have never questioned them as coming from their files. Professor Sharp points out many and serious inconsistencies between these writings and the testimony the Greenglasses later gave at the trial and insists with force that, together with other newly-discovered evidence, they warranted a further look into the propriety of the convictions and the sentences. But he does not satisfactorily dispose of them as evidence that the Rosenbergs were not altogether free from participation in espionage.

BECAUSE of the ambiguity arising from the last sentence quoted from Mr. Fabricant's memorandum, that memorandum is subject to two readings: either (1) that Greenglass had mentioned Julius' participation during his interrogation by the FBI prior to his first interview with his lawyer or (2), what appears the more likely reading, that he had not, though he did tell his lawyer that Julius was "very close to this whole situation" and had introduced him to the Russian. If the first be the correct reading, there persists the possibility that "confusion or stratagems or both," in the words of Professor Sharp's surmise, operated to get Greenglass to implicate his innocent brother-in-law. If the more likely second reading be the correct one, then it appears that Greenglass' first impulse was to shield him and that he implicated him only when it was pointed out to him that he was thereby casting a heavier burden on his own wife. That would explain why, as his written statement says, he "made sure" to tell the FBI that his wife was only an intermediary and named Julius as the one for whom she was acting.

Professor Sharp does not argue the guilt or innocence of Sobell. He says that the charge against him did not involve atomic espionage; that it should not have been joined with the case against the Rosenbergs (the issue upon which Judge Frank dissented from the Court of Appeals' affirmance of Sobell's conviction); that it was "flimsy" and based almost exclusively on the testimony of a perjured, badly frightened accomplice who went scot-free himself; and that, in any event, the sentence of thirty years in the penitentiary, followed by incarceration as a recalcitrant in Alcatraz, is intolerable. There are few traces of bitterness in the book, but the treatment of Sobell raises feelings in the author apparently too deep for containment. "If our government has recaptured its sanity," he says, "it will at least see that he has his parole. That is a test of our recovery from our recent excitements."

"To review a case in which we believe injustice has been done," writes Professor Harold C. Urey in his introduction, "is better than reviewing the next case when further injustice may be done." This is the motif of the entire book. There is in it also a sense of tragedy, community as well as personal, and compassion for all the players in its grip, the survivors and the dead, the victors and the vanquished. For to the author we are all victims of impulses and passions and destructive capabilities that will annihilate us if not reined in. Calling it "an insupportable view of both the history of atomic espionage and the history of the Korean outbreak," he cites the trial judge's words on sentencing the Rosenbergs: "I believe your conduct in putting into the hands of the Russians the A-bomb . . . has already caused, in my opinion, the Communist aggression in Korea, with the resultant casualities, exceeding 50,000. . . . " And the author's concluding words are: "It may be hoped at least that the sacrifice has accomplished an unacknowledged purpose. Perhaps, as the sacrifice of the scapegoat came in many cultures to be associated with the course of the year and the periodic expectation of spring and revival, so this sacrifice may somehow reduce our horrors to manageable size, and prepare for reconciliation, peace and growth."

Lawrence as Moralist

D. H. LAWRENCE: NOVELIST. By F. R. Leavis. Alfred A. Knopf. $4.75.

By Jacob Korg

SINCE Mr. Leavis thinks of D. H. Lawrence and T. S. Eliot as the representatives of the two leading rival tendencies in contemporary literature, it is natural that he should devote so much of his book to a defense of Lawrence against Eliot. Unfortunately, the enthusiasm of his defense sometimes obscures its virtues. The early page of his book that has on it three occurrences of the words "great, greatest," varied with "genius" and "unsurpassed" establishes a polemic rather than a critical atmosphere. In addition, Mr. Leavis is often stubbornly inexplicit, combining an elusive Jamesian style unsuited to criticism with a tendency to cite long and complicated passages from his subject as though they spoke for themselves. Still, out of these difficulties emerges a forceful point of view that manages to balance extravagant praise for Lawrence with understanding of his limitations.

Eliot's objections that Lawrence was poorly educated, isolated from a living tradition and indifferent to moral and social issues are not so much opinions about Lawrence as pointed suggestions of what tradition, education, morality and society should be. His judgments about Lawrence, as about most other things, are made in the interest of a particu-

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lar view of life. Mr. Leavis contends that Eliot's attitudes are the result of a negative and unhealthy "disgust" with life, and that Lawrence's art, by comparison, is vital, creative and positive, manifesting a healthy harmony of feelings and intelligence. He denies that Lawrence was a moral desperado, pointing out that the love affairs which are Lawrence's favorite subject often lead his people to an experience of something beyond themselves which may fairly be called religious. Mere physical pleasure gives way to a kind of blood knowledge, an irresistible intuition of life which has its austere and terrifying aspects. From his insight into this experience and his reverence for emotions, the common people and everyday life Lawrence derived a moral sensibility superior to that of many of his contemporaries.

IN analyzing *The Rainbow* and *Women in Love,* which he considers to be Lawrence's most important novels, and some of the more significant tales, Mr. Leavis meets most of Eliot's criticisms of Lawrence. In reply to the argument that Lawrence had no tradition, he refers to the generations of miners whose lives are the subject of *The Rainbow.* The traditions of poor provincials could not seem very important to Eliot, but Mr. Leavis effectively shows that Lawrence's intimate and tender treatment of this material is comparable with the work of George Eliot. Denying that Lawrence lacked a sense of class, Mr. Leavis points to *The Daughters of the Vicar.* In that story Lawrence explores class differences with great sensitivity, but his awareness carries with it no condemnation of one side or the other.

Perhaps the most interesting contribution Mr. Leavis makes is his acknowledgement of Lawrence's limitations. One of them exemplified by his relatively weak novel, *The Plumed Serpent,* is due to his failure to recognize that his convictions about the dark side of human nature could not serve as a program for solving contemporary problems. Mr. Leavis also points out that Lawrence was disqualified by circumstances from dealing authoritatively with certain aspects of life central to his message. For one thing, he had no children. For another, his experience of marriage was not representative. Mr. Leavis perceptively demonstrates that these facts sometimes prevented him from maintaining his highest standards. But he asserts that they hardly detract from the value of a body of work that is the expression of "a supreme vital intelligence . . . informed by an almost infallible sense for health and sanity."

Obsessed by Women

BITTER HONEYMOON AND OTHER STORIES. By Alberto Moravia. Translated by Bernard Wall and Others. Farrar, Straus and Cudahy. $3.50.

By Herbert Gold

THE STORIES of Alberto Moravia express the same obsessive theme he put forward in the novels *Conjugal Love* and *A Ghost at Noon.* Men are enfeebled by intellect, ambition, activity in the world — these things separate them from their bodies; women are mighty in their sensuality, they are devouring of men.

To the extent that there is a real struggle between the demands of the flesh and civilization, the theme operates as a powerful organizing center to Moravia's primary talent, which is for anecdotal storytelling. To the extent that his morbid personal concern interferes, this position is weakened by emphasis on the aggressive, controlling, sadistic, "nonsexual" aspects of sex and a draining, oversexualized perspective on work in the world. To the extent that his lovers are persistently and fatally incapable of love, the novels often seem to come down to mechanical tricks. There is no real plot; there is a mounting series of failures. The hero grovels, he suffers, he observes his own impotence — he does not love. Actually, sex is not very erotic for Moravia, although it may seem so to the casual reader because everything *but* sex is charged with erotic fervor.

After a while we can predict the life story of his doomed lover — enslaved man, greedy earth-woman, jealousy, unhappy lovemaking, sadness. There is no pleasure; there is no satisfaction outside pleasure; *nada.*

However, Moravia plays his one tune eloquently, and the tales in the present collection are often more convincing than the dragged-out short stories which he publishes as novels. The title story, *Bitter Honeymoon,* is a good example. Giacomo has married Simona, who, in addition to being one of Moravia's usual pneumatic visions, is also a Communist. Here the author has played a slight switch on us. The girl expresses her allotted destructive sensuality through a blind political passion. Because her communism is a private, alienating thing, a kind of secret vice, Giacomo is emotionally isolated from her. In fact, she is a virgin and afraid to give herself to him. She is married to the Party. In order to take her, after several unsuccessful tries, the battered and literally bloodied husband succeeds in making her conceive of the possibility that her marital responsibilities might come before party discipline. She retreats before this curious honeymoon discussion and, with the *deus-ex-machina* aid of a frightening thunderstorm, finally "she sought his embrace, he penetrated her body without any difficulty whatsoever."

This is a rare triumph for a man in the Moravia canon, but lest we rejoice too soon, he warns us that "nothing was settled." The loneliness of the diminished man and the impenetrable autonomy of the woman can only be overcome in momentary illusion.

The boyishness of the fantasy represented by Moravia's stories and novels is startling — the sexual act seen as test, the dread, the unstable and vengeful triumphs. Expressing with laconic precision a hopeless longing for secure pleasure, the stories are a convincing dramatization of what every man fears in his weak moments: There are no women; there is only Woman.

HERBERT GOLD is the author of The Man Who Was Not With It.

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Major League Economics

THE BASEBALL PLAYERS. An Economic Study. By Paul M. Gregory. Public Affairs Press. $3.75.

By Mark Harris

PROFESSOR GREGORY's "pioneer application of the tools of economic theory" to the business of baseball reveals the impotence of reason in the presence of the game. In the most literal sense, words fail the professor.

To a rational economist, baseball appears to be a form of commerce, but the Supreme Court declares it is not (though professional boxing is). This mysterious industry's nonproductive producers (workers, which is to say, players) may be sold without their prior consent; and they do not share in the proceeds realized by their value (a "value," incidentally, which, to Mr. Gregory's confusion, cannot be reckoned by any known economic formula). Ordinarily the word "exploitation" would here suggest itself, but if the economist is to use it in its historic sense he must be wary; he reflects, for example, that the "gate value" of Ted Williams of the Boston Red Sox probably far exceeds his $100,000 annual salary; Williams is therefore —technically—"exploited." But this is nonsense.

The 400 major-league ballplayers crushed within this system belong to an association which insists upon conferring with owners in a setting of democracy and free speech. Together employers and employees democratically agree that on the field of play (work) the absolute dictatorship of managers is crucial.

Mr. Gregory greets these paradoxes amiably, permitting his helplessness to convey that quality of baseball which renders it, indeed, more than commerce. It is a mystique. It is "more than a game—it becomes a ritual and a symbol, for the true fan vicariously recalls nearly a century of playing and his ears catch whispers from the great dead."

In the end, says Mr. Gregory, it is to "the fictional approach" we shall have to look for the "deepest insights." Its relative unreality gives baseball the power to annihilate the traditional terminology of scholarship. A book which suggests this much provides, for the "true fan" who is not simply obsessive, a refreshing contrast to most of what we are offered upon the subject.

MARK HARRIS is the author of Bang the Drum Slowly.

TELEVISION

Anne W. Langman

NO AMERICAN industry has ever had so great a direct influence upon its citizens as does the television industry today. The most powerful medium of mass communications ever known, TV reaches into 35 million American homes where the average viewer watches for five hours a day. It can create a personality, a point of view, a level of taste. It is no longer stylish to deny its existence or to close one's eyes to its enormous influence on every phase of American life. It operates in a public utility — the air — and presumably in the public interest. But the public has very little to say about it. True, the viewer can choose the program he wishes, but freedom of the dial is limited. His choice must be made between two or three programs, and more often than not there is little to choose between them. He can carp, criticize and complain about mediocrity, but unless his comments happen to appeal to the sovereign powers they are little regarded. The networks control television —some say their control amounts to a monopoly—and it is about time the public took a look at this control.

Current government inquiry into possibly monopolistic network practices (see *The Nation*, July 7, 21) has encouraged those who dared to question the status quo: independent producers, a few independent station operators, government officials for their own several reasons. But network officials have repeatedly refused to consider any proposals for immediate reduction in their control of the airwaves on the ground that they know best how to operate their industry in the public interest. I often wondered, as I read through President Robert Sarnoff's handsomely printed NBC statement, the 200-odd-page memorandum of Dr. Frank Stanton for CBS and ABC President Robert Kintner's lengthy testimony, whether the insistent repetition of this point was not the real proof that monopoly does exist. It is entirely likely that the present leadership of the networks has done a better job in control of TV than anyone else could do. The three networks have, in the main, used their immense power as a force for good. I have considerable faith in them, just as they have faith in themselves and in the fact that they have built, and are still building, a channel of communication between people which can be one of the great cornerstones of freedom .

BUT whether or not the monopoly is a benevolent one is hardly the question. Its benevolence merely makes it more difficult to measure in the framework of functioning democracy, because under present conditions it is hard to visualize the day when television might destroy much of what we hold to be indestructible, to question whether the public good is being served by the networks' almost complete blackout of competition. An open industry might not soon, if ever, serve the public as efficiently, but it would do business according to the democratic rules of free competition and would not be subject to the danger that concentrated power always runs of falling into unscrupulous hands.

So far, government regulation has been confined to the Federal Communications Commission, operating under a code which was formulated

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for radio some years ago. The FCC has almost fostered concentrated control by limiting TV to the narrow Very High Frequency band which can accommodate only twelve channels and thus severely limits the number of stations that can be licensed in each community. By 1948, the FCC had provided for 108 VHF stations in sixty-three markets. It then called a halt to further station construction, realizing that the twelve channels were not enough to provide a freely competitive TV system and needing time to decide what to do about it. The freeze continued for three and a half years—long enough for CBS and NBC to get an almost exclusive franchise in most of these markets. Then the FCC decided to open up the capacious Ultra High Frequency band, which allows for seventy channels, and to "intermix" them in the same communities with existing VHF allocations. This move was disastrous for the new UHF stations; they could get few network programs, were unable to attract viewers without them, lacked the appeal to persuade set owners to spend money for the converters necessary to receive UHF. Even today, only 7 million of the country's 37 million sets are equipped for UHF. Seventy-five UHF stations have either gone off the air or surrendered their construction permits. This state of affairs has continued for several years while the FCC has bungled its way through a mass of technical and engineering barriers and all kinds of pressures pro and con UHF and how it should be used.

EARLY this summer, the FCC announced a masterpiece of inaction called "Interim Deintermixture." This amazing collection of prefixes proposes to end the operation of both VHF and UHF in the same communities. In fact, it effects only two cities, Fresno, California, and Madison, Wisconsin, and according to Representative James Quigley (D., Pa.) "isn't worth the paper it's written on." He adds that the FCC is "a perfect example of what government regulation cannot do." Anti-truster Emanuel Celler (D., N.Y.) is currently examining possible network domination of the FCC and states that its failure to move on the TV-monopoly front "strikes me as dereliction."

In the meantime, everyone involved in the TV industry seems eager to agree that more outlets—or the use of UHF—will resolve the current problems. FCC spokesmen call the arguments for moving all video operations to UHF "impressive," but are not at all sure that expected difficulties arising from such a shift could be overcome. Certainly a changeover period of at least ten years would be needed for amortization of present equipment, a new set of allocations and rules to govern them. The FCC has invited the industry and the public to send the commission comments by October 1. My guess is that very few people outside the industry know of the existence of UHF and VHF, much less understand the implications of their use.

Close examination of what appears to be a logical and intelligent use of the new spectrum—more channels, more stations, more chance to compete for viewers—reveals that the shift to UHF will solve only part of the problem, hooking public imagination with a magnificent red herring. Unless the question of control is settled first, adding more channels will add nothing but more of the same confusion, and in the decade which would pass before it could take place, the networks might build completely unassailable bulwarks of control. In order to establish a truly competitive, national television service, the government must take steps *now* to open present video facilities to independent program sources and to small advertisers, so that when the UHF day comes it will accomplish its purpose.

Limitation of network function by cutting down hours of option time and the number of programs stations must accept from a network would allow a free flow of programming from existing creative sources to all advertisers and stations who seek it and would serve the public well. As public understanding and attention cut through the fog of good intentions and statements of purpose, it becomes evident that television of, by and for the people is needed right now if democracy is ever to be found through the public eye.

RECORDS

B. H. Haggin

THE COLUMBIA record *Golden Jubilee Concert* (ML-4929) offers dubbings of imperfect but listenable recordings of a number of Josef Hofmann's performances at the concert in November, 1937, at which he celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of his American debut, and provides the only available documentation on records of this famous pianist's playing. For some it documents unequaled pianistic and musical mastery. "Hofmann was not only the world's greatest pianist; he was also the pianist's pianist," says Abram Chasins, a pupil of Hofmann, in the accompanying booklet. "His greatest colleagues (even Rachmaninov...) placed Hofmann on the highest peak, the absolute monarch of the pianistic realm." And in an article in the *Saturday Review* Chasins welcomes the record's documentation of piano-playing in the "grand manner" of an earlier day, no longer to be heard today, which he says gave the Romantic repertory—and specifically the music of Chopin—the correct and effective style it doesn't have in performances of today. Chasins describes what Chopin himself demanded for correct performance of his music: "a controlled spontaneity, a direct cantilena, a variety of coloring, pedaling and rhythmic accentuation, an elegance of ornamentation which have all but vanished from the concert platform." And of Hofmann's performances of the Chopin pieces on the record Chasins says the art "is Chopin's own art . . . Chopin's Chopin was precise and classical. So is Hofmann's Chopin."

Not, however, to my ears. What I

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hear on the record is evidence, rather, that the piano-playing of Chasins' "exponents of the grand manner" was similar to the singing of their contemporaries of the "golden age," who treated music as something to use to show what they could do with their voices. The record, in fact, provides documentation of my observations on Hofmann in this column a couple of years after that golden-jubilee concert. The virtuoso pianist, I said, presented himself to his audience for the same purpose as the acrobat—to exhibit all the things he could do with his instrument and the music; and he regarded the instrument and music in the way the acrobat regarded his trapeze—as things to use for his purpose. He learned his pianistic and musical tricks in a certain number of works in his youth; and he continued to elaborate and add to those tricks in the same works thereafter.

THUS Hofmann, in the twenty-five years in which I had observed him, had repeated a limited repertory—mostly a lot of Chopin, some Schumann, a few major sonatas of Beethoven—which didn't include Beethoven's *Diabelli Variations* or last Bagatelles, or a single sonata of Mozart or Schubert, but did include a large quantity of trashy salon and display pieces. And in his performances one had heard things like the left-hand octaves or chords crashed out suddenly for no musical purpose but only to surprise and impress the audience; the series of notes extracted from within accompaniment chords to astonish the audience with a counter-melody unknown to the composer; the exposition of a sonata movement played one way the first time and a different way the second time, to amaze the audience with the ability to do that. ("He would," writes Chasins, "enunciate a theory and then sit down at the piano to illustrate it . . . and just as one had concluded that this was the way, the *only* way, he would turn the theory upside down and prove it equally valid.")

The Columbia record has a couple of trashy pieces by Moszkowski and Rachmaninov that Hofmann used to play. And in the performance of Mendelssohn's *Spinning Song* there are the unexpectedly accented left-hand note, the sudden eruption of hammered-out accompaniment chords, the succession of perverse accents in the accompaniment, which have no relation to the ends of the piece itself, but are contrived for their own effect of shock and excitement by their unexpectedness, their exhibition of daring wilfulness and perversity. So with the octaves banged out by the left hand at one point in the Chopin G-flat Etude, and the perverse decrescendo that follows in place of the crescendo the music calls for. So with the succession of loudly accented A flats in the left hand near the end of Chopin's *Berceuse*, in which, moreover, the excessively fast tempo makes the execution of the delicate ornamental passage-work breathtaking but the piece not a lullaby. And so with the succession of such ostentatious perversities of tempo, phrasing and accentuation in Chopin's G-minor Ballade, the accompaniment chords at one point that are made louder than the delicate passage-work they accompany, the concluding three forceful chords that are played loud —unexpectedly soft—loud. Pianistic mastery certainly is exhibited in these performances, but not what I regard as musical mastery. And not Chopin's own direct cantilena.

THESE are the performances which, year after year, thousands came to hear—among them the many students, teachers and pianists with the professional's interest in the mere doing of things on the piano and with the music, who came to Carnegie Hall to marvel at the things this "pianist's pianist" did. Chasins and I, when we began to hear Hofmann in our teens, were piano students with that interest; and the explanation of the difference in our present evaluations of the performances on the record is, I think, that he has retained that interest to this day, whereas I lost it, and by the time of Hofmann's jubilee concert I had stopped going to hear him use music to show what he could do on the piano, and had begun instead to go to hear Schnabel use the piano to illuminate music.

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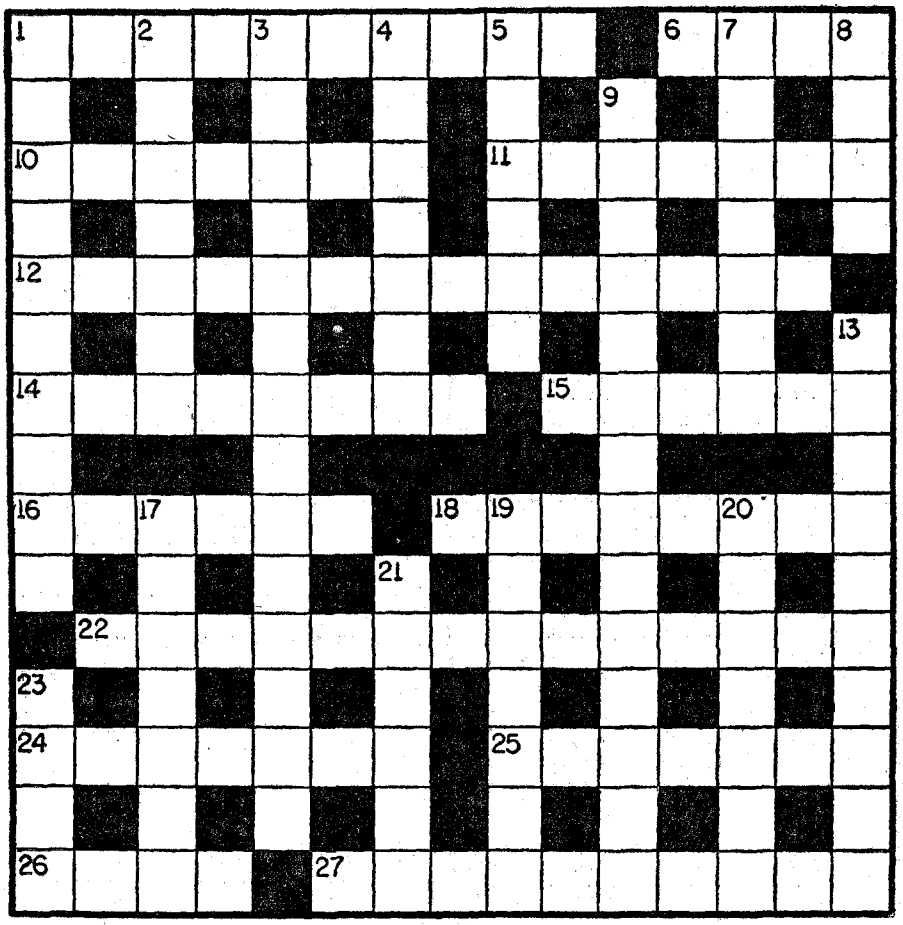
Crossword Puzzle No. 684



ACROSS:

1 Perhaps embarrassed at the sound being interpreted like a rhythmic unit. (3, 2, 1, 4)
6 The logical fallacy of a backward Italian battle city. (4)
10 In which the pessimist could see no flaw? (7)
11 See 23 down.
12 Do union stablemen wear them? (14)
14 Change a fish to true pink, by the way. (8)
15 Shed favor? (4-2)
16 Try on a modified version. (6)
18 Point in a waterway, traditionally dangerous to missionaries. (8)
22 Common carrier? (8-6)
24 Communist state? Quite the contrary, it is affirmed. (7)
25 Mean to come ashore, far from the coast. (7)
26 and 8 down Don't lean so much towards being apathetic! (8)
27 How to get a free bar of soap (without fat in it). (6-4)

DOWN:

1 Checking over a monologue? (10)
2 Salesman whose time should be of utmost importance. (7)
3 Dummies? Not necessarily! (6, 8)
4 Tweedy town, but you might make light of it finally. (7)
5 In fine, a single diminution. (6)
7 A campaign in part of the motion-picture business. (5-2)
8 See 26 across
9 French dressing, for example? Listen with both ears! (6, 8)
13 Ringing of bells on the deck of a ship. (4-6)
17 Summers? (Fall seems imminent.) (7)
19 Islands. Also a human being. (7)
20 Stop! Stop! A girl! (7)
21 It's certainly not easy going down, when broke. (4-2)
23 and 11 across Lies in a building, twenty feet would be. (4, 7)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 683

1 MISANTHROPE; 9 BESTRIDE; 10 AND 2 WOMAN'S INTUITION; 11 AND 13 CAPITAL STOCK; 12 MONSTER; 14 INDIES; 15 TATTLERS; 17 FRENETIC; 20 DIVERS; 22 STOKERS; 24 AWARDED; 26 UNLIKE; 27 PUG-NOSED; 28 REMONSTRATE. DOWN: 3 ANIMALS; 4 TIER; 5 ROWBOAT; 6 PUMPS; 7 RETAIN; 8 ENDEAR; 16 LIVERWORT; 18 RETINA; 19 TORPEDO; 20 DOWAGER; 21 REEFER; 23 KNIFE; 25 OPUS.

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